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FEBRUARY, 1943

The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

"There Be Light"

The Presence

By Gertrude W. Robinson

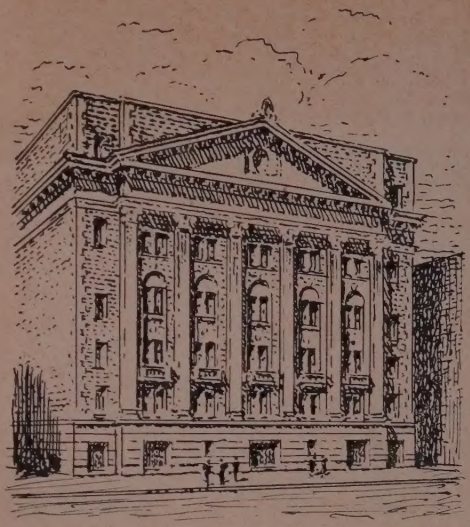
THERE is a silent presence in each home;
Some absent one
Who enters through the door in comradeship
When day is done.

There is a silent presence in each heart;
Some dear-bought joy,
Some treasured memory which deepest pain
Cannot destroy.

There is a silent presence on this earth,
The best in man;
And always it has led the way to peace
Since time began.

The stars hold concourse with their fellow stars,
Nor feel the curse
Of chaos, for a Silent Presence rules
This Universe.

—The Singing Quill.



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Vol. XIX **FEBRUARY, 1943** *Number 11*

Abraham Lincoln's Gettysburg Address

(Address delivered by Abraham Lincoln at the dedication of the Cemetery at Gettysburg.)

"Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate —we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us,— that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Abraham Lincoln.

November 19, 1863.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

WITH the passing of the years the brilliancy of Abraham Lincoln increases! There is that strange evolving. With mediocrity the passing of the years means obscurity—it means forgetfulness; but not so with men whose range is as limitless as Lincoln's, and whose cosmic relationship is so thoroughly and definitely established.

To the biographer, Lincoln will always constitute, it seems to me, the greatest challenge. By the standards which pertain to the analysis of most men, Abraham Lincoln simply doesn't fit. By all the rules and regulations of analytical treatment of individuality—by any of the standards which we would take to determine lesser lights, the captivating and devastating brilliancy of Lincoln would eliminate them as the sunlight in the daytime puts out the stars.

There have been a few men like that in the history of the world,—probably not over twelve. But in all the development of civilization there have been a few men with the magnitude of the sun, and it is to the everlasting credit of the American people that one of these should shine with increased luster as the years come and go.

Abraham Lincoln was neither a clown nor was he a god; and some approaches to him have made him a clown and some approaches have made him a god. But for himself and from every expression of his character, did he ever evidence that he belonged to either group?

The glory of Abraham Lincoln to me these days is to be found in the virility of his moral character; the unimpeachable integrity which was inseparably a part of his whole expression. And when we seek for the source of that, we go back to uncontaminated sources. Abraham Lincoln's quality for veracity molded a character which will become more valuable as civilization progresses. Abraham Lincoln came out of an unpolluted blood stream to begin with. And Abraham Lincoln's sources of information were unpolluted.

The thing that Abraham Lincoln contributed was that virility and that structure of character that had in it the fire; that had in it the earth; washed by the rains. His mother gave him birth on a bed of straw; and the world adores him today. And the uncontaminated source of that quality which later determined the magnitude of his character was to be found in his elementalism, and it assisted him in his whole cultural and mental equipment.

The first book that ever came into his possession was a copy of the Indiana Statutes. In that book he found the Constitution of the United States and the ordinance of 1787, and that, together with old Pastor Weedon's "Life of Washington," and the King James version of The Bible, all of them pure sources of Anglo-Saxon exactitude in intellectual processes, were his early library. One of the famous documents in American political science is the ordinance of 1787. How many young people have ever read it? And Abraham Lincoln developed that nicety and distinction in his choice of words which has made forever a classic almost every official utterance and document that is the product of his voice and his pen.

Abraham Lincoln was able to command that quiet, sane perspective that was with him all through the years. In the midst of turmoil and in the darkest hours and the saddest moments of his

life, what did he do? There were times in Washington from 1860 on when the only man who kept his head was Lincoln, thereby verifying for me what is a favorite deduction: it is not what we do every day that proves what we are. My point is, that character is determined by what we are under pressure of emergency. How do you act when the house that you have built falls in ruins at your feet? Show me that and I will show you what kind of a man you are. Let me see you in an emergency, with the pressure pushing, pushing, pushing against you, and then I will tell you what you are. Abraham Lincoln realized that, and that is the reason he never failed in an emergency —never once failed.

You remember when he was running for Congress against the Reverend Peter Cartwright. And Peter Cartwright was holding Evangelistic meetings and was dealing a great deal with hell fire. And we are told authentically that in the midst of one of those meetings and in the midst of Peter Cartwright's sermon, Mr. Lincoln came in and sat down in the back of the house. And Peter started in: "And my friend, Abraham Lincoln, great splendid man that he is, realizing that he will not join any church and get under the blood and be saved of his sins, I would like to ask where Mr. Lincoln thinks he is going?" And Mr. Lincoln arose, stretched out his long legs, looked over the audience, and said, "Brother Cartwright, I am going to Congress."

The more I think of Lincoln, the more I think it is not so much what Lincoln did that matters, as what Lincoln was. What he was as a man, inside of him. That is his virtue.

Then one night the blow came to the pillar, and for two days he lay in state here in our own city, and the whole world was shocked; but that pillar did not die; it lived, holding up the rafters, steel, re-constructed from its temporary fall by the hearts and the hands of the millions who love him. And when his wife was asked "What was Mr. Lincoln's religion?" Mrs. Lincoln replied, "Oh, his religion? Why, it was a kind of poetry." And when he died, his words, almost the last—"I want it said of me after I am gone that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower where I thought a flower would grow."

Oh, thistle seekers! You who delight in hurting, you who love to tear apart—Good God! men and women, let us pluck thistles out and plant a flower!

Listen! It is evening in Washington! The bands are coming up Pennsylvania Avenue! All the city is in festive colors! The shouts of gladdened hearts are everywhere. The door of the White House opens and out steps Abraham Lincoln. They have just had a message that Lee has surrendered to Grant at Appomattox, and all Washington is in a frenzy of celebration! Listen now to the band. Why, they are playing "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean." And listen! Why, there is the "Star Spangled Banner."

The President stands — (this is a true story)—six feet four he was. Six feet four! And he stands at the portico, and he raises that great right arm, and he shouts: "Mr. Bandmaster! Mr. Bandmaster! Won't you please play 'Dixie'? That is ours, too!"

That is Abraham Lincoln!

Preston Bradley.

> Sow a thought, reap an action; sow an act, reap a habit; sow a habit, reap a character; sow a character, reap a destiny. Thus your thoughts lead to your destiny.
>
> Peter Cooper.

SUNDAY SERVICES

SUNDAY MORNING—11:00 o'clock—Broadcast by WJJD

SUNDAY EVENING—7:30 o'clock

FEBRUARY BOOK LECTURES

Wednesday evenings at 8:00 o'clock sharp.

February 3rd—"A Time For Greatness"—Herbert Agar

February 10th—"Generation of Vipers"—Philip Wylie.

February 17th—"Our Hearts Were Young and Gay"—Cornelia Otis. Skinner and Emily Kimbrough.

February 24th—"Let the People Know"—Norman Angell.

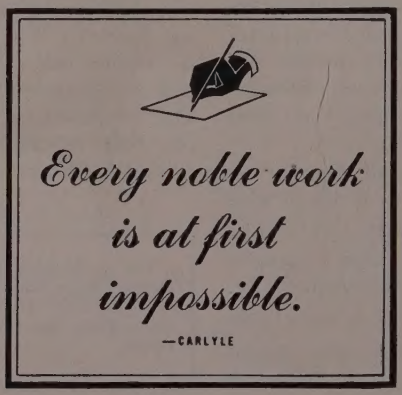
RADIO ACTIVITIES

Every evening, Monday through Friday, at 6:00 o'clock, Dr. Bradley is on the air over Station WGN, Chicago.

Every Saturday evening at 9:30 o'clock, he is heard on the "Home Front" program, originating in the studios of WLS, Chicago.

Every Sunday morning at 11:00 o'clock, WJJD broadcasts the entire service of The Peoples Church.

Listen in and send him your comments.



"GOD'S QUEST FOR MAN"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago, January 17, 1943

LAST Sunday we talked with you about "Man's Quest for God"; today we want to have a little talk about "God's Quest for Man." This week I was privileged to meet a rather unusual man the like of whom I have not met for a long time. I left Chicago last Wednesday night on the Pere Marquette bound for Grand Rapids, Michigan, where I spoke Thursday. Sitting in the Pullman at a late hour was a gentleman reading his newspaper. Conversation not being very difficult these days, we soon were talking to one another, and this man turned to me and said, after we had discussed certain episodes and experiences, "I am an atheist." I said to him, "What do you mean by an atheist?" "Well," he replied, "I do not mean philosophical agnosticism" . . . and I was aware that I was dealing with an intelligent man, not a man who merely spoke in terms of his prejudices or in terms of his ignorance, but a man who knew whereof he spoke, that being, of course, the position of simply saying "I don't know."

"I am not an agnostic," he said, "I am an atheist philosophically." And I said, "The full import of that word?" And he said "Yes" and I know that that means to one who knows and is familiar with terms and definitions and is discriminating in his choice of words to convey accurately ideas, denial of God." And I said, "And you deny God?" He said, "I deny the usually accepted theological concept of God; that kind of a God does not exist to me." Then he said to me, "What do you do?" I am hardly ever taken for a preacher when I am traveling—probably I may look a little too well fed for that, I am not sure. I said, "I am a preacher," and I wish you might have seen the expression on his face! "Well," he said, "you must be a different kind of a preacher than I have known." Just then a soldier came in, a Lieutenant, and he sat down beside us and I thought looked particularly tired. He sat down with that resignation and the sigh that one has at midnight after a difficult day, and I said to him, "Well, Lieutenant, you seem to be tired." He turned to me and said, "I am not physically tired, but I have something to do; I have a task before me. Up a few cars ahead on this train is a leaden casket, inside of a rough wooden box, and in that leaden casket, wrapped in a blanket, is a twenty-two year old boy from Grand Rapids, Michigan. His name was Lieutenant Dreyer." My Grand Rapids listeners will recall now the full purport of this story. He said, "This boy was in a bomber collapse in Texas. There were eight of his friends with him; not one of them came out alive. When we found the bomber on the trial flight there was nothing to do but just wrap the bodies and send them home. Tomorrow morning when this train arrives in Grand Rapids the father and mother of that boy are going to meet this train. His father is a railroad man on the Pere Marquette and has very often made this run, on the very train we are riding on; and when this train arrives in the morning they will meet it." I turned and looked at my atheist friend; he had said nothing.

So we all retired after I had a very pleasant and very interesting conversation with the Lieutenant, who was a most admirable type of young man.

We arrived in Grand Rapids in the morning and it was pitch dark; it was very cold, and it was almost a blizzard on Thursday morning. I went up ahead to that coach and there in the shimmering lights of that dusky station a father and mother met their son. My atheist friend said to me, "If there were a God and He was good, this could not happen." I looked at him and I said this: "My sermon Sunday morning is going to be on 'God's Quest for Man,' and I think your whole difficulty and your whole problem is the distorted conception which you have of God, for if you were really God-conscious and had a real sensitization to the presence of God, you would have an intellectual illumination as well as a spiritual experience which would make it forever impossible for you to deny the reality of God or the fact of God's goodness." He said, "Can you prove that to me?" and I said, "No, I cannot prove that to you; that is an experience which you must have with God yourself; that cannot be given to you, no man can hand that to you; that is an experience that when you have it, it will mean such an enrichment of your own spiritual propensities that all the problems and difficulties and sorrows, heartaches, disappointments, and burdens will assume an entirely new relationship, and then you will know what the quest is that God has toward man."

One of the most terrific obstacles which men who have the responsibility of public speech and the great responsibility of the radio in particular, have to face is the danger of being misunderstood. People will tune in and hear you give three or four sentences, and if it is something they do not like or agree with, they will twist the dial and you are out, but they base their opinion upon the two or three sentences they heard, and it is not fair. Hear what a man has to say; hear him through, don't base your opinion just on one or two sentences, whether they appeal to your prejudices or not.

Now, this morning, I am on very difficult ground, because involved are those great intangibles, those imponderables that come out of the depths of a person's soul and not something that you can present with methodical precision, or with that same sense of reality that you have when you pick up a book and say: "This is a book." I am thinking about God, and I am thinking about God thinking about you and being so interested in you and in me that God is persistently attempting, through the winsomeness and the beauty of his character, to lure you and me away from the baseness, the ugliness, the filth, the tragedy of life out into the high plateaus where it is clean and where the soul can live, and where trouble and pain and sorrow and all these experiences can be handled with the mastery of one who is in tune with the infinite.

It is not an easy thing to take a generation as mechanistic and as active and as objective as this generation is on such a journey. We are wholly objectified; we are thinking most of the time about government, and politics, and taxes, and transportation—we are thinking about the roof over our heads, the clothes upon our bodies; we are an objectified people. We are living in the mechanistic turmoil of an objectified age where we are thinking of conclusions, and results that have to do with the mighty realignment of a world. I am thinking in the magnitude of this theme, in these precious mo-

ments with you, of God and you, and you and God. There are myriads and myriads of examples that I could cite to you of how people are taking a new interest in God and in religion. There are thousands of evidences of a renewal of people's interest in eternal realities, the realties that are imperishable. That is obvious. It has all been given a mighty impetus by the Captain Eddie Rickenbacker experience; and I said to my atheist friend on the train: "What do you think about Captain Rickenbacker's experience?" I am going to pass on to you for purposes of later interpretation, what he said in reply, for it brings us to the very heart and soul of this sermon's vitality.

This is what my atheist friend said to me. "If this God that Rickenbacker and you talk about was really a great God, He would have refused to permit the accident to occur in the first place. If God can bring out of the sky a gull to light upon the shoulder of Eddie Rickenbacker and his gallant men starving on the sea, where was He in not directing the mind of the pilot not to overshoot the island they were looking for, and instead of weeks of anguish and agony and the loss of a human life in the ordeal, if this God was as great as you say He is, why did He not prevent it in the first place? Where was God when the miscalculations of the navigator were made due to a faulty instrument of navigation which had been in an accident in a previous plane as they attempted to take off and thus had become disqualified for accuracy in the hands of the navigator of the Captain Eddie Rickenbacker ship?" He said, "If your conception of God is right, which is now being utilized as a very effective illustration on the part of thousands of people as to God's care of man, where was God then, and why, if He could send a gull and men had to eat the raw unsavory flesh of a bird that probably is as unpalatable as anything else that flies or swims, where was God that He did not say: 'No, this will not happen' to begin with?" He revealed that difficulty that thousands of people have when they think of God's quest for man. They never seem to think that in the divine process of a creative God as well as God creator — for God's creation is not finished; God is still creative just as much as He is creator—and we are in an unfinished cosmos.

God created man in his own image. Man fresh from the heart of God is a perfect being. Man was created—and this I believe—in the image of God, which means that man has the image of perfection; and here's the point, and you must follow carefully, for it is not easy, but it is very illuminating. When this truth dawned upon me I said "That's the thing that my people need to help them over many a hard place; and so I am giving it to you and I shall do it as simply as I can and make it as little confusing as I can. Man, as the image of God is perfect, yet he is limited by his perfectability. The whole experience of the evolution of the human soul and life could not function unless that man was at the same time FREE TO BE LESS THAN GOD! Free to sin, free to fail, free to build and achieve, to aspire, or free to take the mighty image of the God who made him and smash that image into a million, million fragments by his own will. So when God created man He said: "You have been created in my image; now you take the image, it is yours, do with it as you will." Man took the image of God and down through the centuries and the ages of man, man has been living out his freedom, expressing his free will. God has said, "Let man go, he could not be

man in the highest sense of his own perfectability without experiencing the whole range of that freedom necessary to strength."

God knew that man must be capable not only of heaven, but also of the depths of hell; that if he were left only a saint, blameless, stainless, if man were left with only perfection he would never know the full beauty of achieving perfection, and so God turned you loose, and he turned me loose in the world and gave us a heart, a brain, a body, an intelligence, a soul, and He stands watching us, watching us with the potentiality which He has given us and He sees us, and I think sometimes in tears is God . . . He sees us with the dream of democracy and of freedom and of understanding and international appreciation of each other's race, nation and country. He sees us with our dreams and hopes and ideals, and then He sees us go down to the depths of agony and sorrow and death. He sees our mighty intellects, while we chart the sky with our mighty planes, and the magnificence of our mighty application of power in our guidance, our mastery, our direction. He sees man in his art, his literature, his music, his beauty, his love, in the pleasure of the little child that one presses against one's heart and calls one's own; in the glory and sweetness of a velvet kiss upon one's lips which comes from the soul of one's other soul. God has released man out into this world and when man is less than God, God seeks him again, God makes the quest for him. God is not tyrant; God is not dictator; God is not finalist, God has released you and me in a universe of goodness and brains and we CHOOSE, and when you CHOOSE the bad and when you make the mistakes and when the inevitable resultant heartaches come, don't blame God. God is being blamed by unthinking people for things He never had anything to do with. Don't blame God for war! Don't blame God for drouth! Don't blame God for disease! Don't blame God for your tragedies! Don't say, "Why does not God do this—why does not God do that?" Quite the contrary, say this: "I am going to work with God and for God that these things no longer be!"

That's what Angela Morgan meant in her poem "God Prays." God is on an eternal quest that your intelligence, and life, and opportunity, and heart and soul might be poured out into the great Over Soul of God so that marching, marching together, you and God, hand in hand, and side by side, can walk up the highway of the years and from the heights look over the earth and hear God say: "My kingdom! We have at last reached the Kingdom! I left you to work out your destiny; you took your beautiful brains and you have prostituted them with diabolical philosophies and you tried to make them work. I gave you these beautiful brains and you went out into the field of government and economics and business. I planted your fields with the chemicals that under the miracle of my law would give you grain and flower and food. Look! you starved yourselves! I put in your earth the richest of my bounty: oil and coal and gold. Look! I gave you the riches of the earth and now you are freezing and you are cold and you are hungry!" Don't lay it on to God. God is still challenging you and He is still challenging me and He is saying to us: "Bring me back those lovely brains; give me back those sacrificing hearts! Look! your world is full of them out there dying, dying like Gods! Your world is beautiful," says God, "won't you restore it in my image?"—GOD'S QUEST FOR MAN.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

AS the Mail Bag is opened for the February edition of The Liberalist, our thoughts, our hopes and our prayers are all centered on the sweet and gracious lady who edits this article every month of the year with such loving interest and delight. As this issue goes to press, Mrs. Bradley is valiantly struggling with bronchial pneumonia and lies in an oxygen tent in the hospital with three nurses in attendance. Almost her first conscious thought after recovering from the fevered delirium in which she was taken to the hospital, and after the greetings with her beloved family were over, was that she had selected the letters for the Mail Bag and she believed she could soon compose the article.

We know our readers will take the will for the deed on this occasion and will accept the letters to speak for themselves.

We think you would be interested in this very appreciative letter from the Director of the Blood Donor Service of the American Red Cross:

January 13, 1943.

"THE AMERICAN RED CROSS
CHICAGO CHAPTER

"Dear Reverend Bradley:

"Your broadcast last night relative to giving blood for our armed forces, was a grand piece of work. It was immediately reflected by telephone calls asking for appointments.

"Many times while listening to your broadcasts, I have hoped that some day you might lend your ability to the American Red Cross Blood Donor Service to help arouse the people of the Chicago area to make blood donations, and meet our quota.

"The personnel of the American Red Cross are being initiated to do a new service the proportions of which are constantly on the increase. As we enter the offensive phase of this war greater casualties may be expected, and our quota has been increased proportionately.

"I look into the future with greater confidence knowing that such men as Rev. Preston Bradley are giving so much of themselves to promote the war effort.

"Please accept my deepest gratitude. I am, Very truly yours,

Ralph A. Baier, Director,
Blood Donor Service."

Here is a letter from Arthur J. Williams, who heads our Honor Roll, and who writes from a camp in Florida:

"Dear Dr. Bradley:

"After hearing your voice on your 6:00 p.m. C.W.T. broadcast tonight, I just couldn't put off writing to you any longer. My radio picks up WGN direct, as early as 7:00 p.m. E.W.T., providing the weather between here and Chicago is fairly clear. This will give you an idea of how far your voice can be heard daily.

"Your telling of the Izaak Walton League progress and what it stands for brought back many memories of my spending 75 days in the open while on Army maneuvers. This out-door experience is one which I will never forget and if I am sent elsewhere it will

be of great help and benefit to me. One does not know how wonderful the great out-of-doors is until he has eaten, slept and lived in the open and, I might add, bathed and washed his clothes in any stream, river or brook he might have come upon.

"Well, Dr. Bradley, before I close this letter I also want you to know, thanks to you and the church, I receive a copy of The Dial (another monthly publication of The Peoples Church) every month and surely enjoy every word printed in it.

Yours for America,
Arthur J. Williams."

Many of our readers who saw the Eddie Rickenbacker Broadcast published in last month's Liberalist will perhaps echo the thought of this letter which comes from a listener in Pinehurst Sanitarium, Janesville, Wisconsin, where the writer is no doubt staying because, if less courageous, she might feel that she had cause for complaint:

"Dear Dr. Bradley:

"After I heard your radio talk tonight about Captain Rickenbacker, I wanted to tell you that I, too, hope I never complain again.

"I listen to you every night and certainly get a great deal of pleasure from your broadcasts and hope they continue for a long time to come.

"Was so glad when you dedicated your program to 'A Great American.'

"Thank you again for giving us so much on the radio, and may 1943 bring us all the thing we want most—Peace.

"God bless you and your work.

Most Sincerely,
Myrtle Tiffany."

The warmth of appreciation in the following letter brings encouragement in return to one whose whole life work is trying to help people who are in difficulty:

"My Dear Dr. Bradley:

"I have been wanting to send you a note all through this week, but illness has delayed me. However, I do want you to know that while I was at home, sick, last Sunday, I tuned in for your broadcast. And I must express my appreciation, for it meant so much to me to have you read my husband's poem and refer to him as you did!

"It made my day bright to think that his words were still living, and used by you! A great joy to me!

"Your text was such a fine choice and I listened to every word of the sermon, and it gave me courage to go on. It was a day when I needed courage, after repeated little illnesses, and when I was lonely with my son's departure into the service of the Navy. May I thank you for your words? And express my deep appreciation of thus hearing my husband's words used on this day of illness?

"This needs no reply! Those two bushels of Christmas cards—I have not forgotten!

Appreciatively and gratefully,
Grace T. Davis (Mrs. Ozora S.)"

Thinking our readers would like to share in this poem of Ozora S. Davis, it is given below as the close of the Mail Bag:

"Courage"

I love the man who dares to face defeat
And risks a conflict with heroic heart;
I love the man who bravely does his part
Where Right and Wrong in bloody battle meet.

When bugles blown by cowards sound retreat,
I love the man who grasps his sword again
And sets himself to lead his fellow men

Far forward through the battle's din
and heat.

For he who joins the issue of life's field
Must fully know the hazard of the
fray,
And dare to venture ere he hope
to win;
Must choose the risk and then refuse
to yield
Until the sunset lights shall close the
day
And God's great city lets the
victor in."

Be sure to keep on writing.
AND--KEEP--ON--THE--BEAM!

BOOK CHATS

IN ONE corner of my library I have been putting away for many years, books which I have considered of great value and unquestioned literary merit, but which it was impossible for me to read at the time they were published. Many of them are books in which I am deeply interested and from a creative point of view I consider them of great value, but in these busy years, when there are so many thousands of books published each year, dealing with the life of the world and with events which are happening, I have had to forego much reading that would bring personal gratification and enjoyment. I suppose one ought never to read any book from a sense of compulsion, but there are books that simply must be read.

With the responsibility of continuous speaking and book reviewing, it is imperative that I keep familiar with the books having to do with world conditions, with national affairs, with economic and industrial problems and the whole field of our transitory era; but one should find time to read the kind of book which elevates one's soul and heart and we need to read this kind of book now more than ever. I have been putting these certain books away in my library, hoping that the time would come when I would have the necessary leisure to read, ponder, digest and enjoy them.

I had thought that by the time I had served my church as long as I have, and had lived as active and busy a life as I have, I would be taking life very much easier and quieter, but the war has changed all that; and the rest of my life must be lived in the active and busy whirl of a changing world, and those restful days in which I would have opportunity to read and, as Walt Whitman expressed it, "Loaf and invite my soul," will never come. So I have concluded that the days of postponement are over and I have made a resolution that every day of my life I will find time, even if it be no more than thirty minutes, to read some of the books I have put away. They will not be about this war or any of its aspects. They will not be on economics or industrial relations or international affairs; they will not be about the changing world of political activities, but they will be books dealing with the great central eternal themes of life; books of a basic cultural character; books which open up new vistas of comprehension; new areas of delight; new fields of thought; they will be books which belong in the main and

unbroken current of creativeness which runs through all great literature from Chaucer to the present moment. They will be books which, like the ancient Psalmist of old, "will have eternity in their hearts."

There are some things which the noise, confusion, anxiety and turmoil of war cannot disturb; there have been great writers and poets who have crystallized these eternal things. The books were never best sellers and never caught the fancy of the superficial reader whose idea of literature is the popular book or the best seller. Many of these books I have; many of them have been neglected—neglected because of the necessary preparation for speaking and writing about themes which have contemporary interest.

I am sure you, who are reading these lines, must have such books, too, and must know such books. This is the time to read them. No matter what is happening in the world, and no matter what happens, there are certain fundamental, elemental and basic truths which are never destroyed or obliterated. The great virtues of life are continuing virtues. Nothing final can ever deflect them or destroy them. They are the very essence of immortality. They are, in the phrase of Romaine Rowland, "Above the Battle." It is the vision and the soul of these eternal things which constitute our most effective fortification against the brutalities of this hour. They are indestructible. A dictator tyrant may burn some of the books: he cannot burn them all. His burning bonfire of the best thought of an age may illumine the sky with ghastly hues, but he cannot burn one single idea or destroy one beautiful thought. Powerful ideals and creative thoughts are indestructible. To know these ideals and to familiarize one's self with these thoughts constitutes the greatest armament a person can wear or achieve, and so I am going to find time and I hope you do, too, to establish a deeper relationship with the abiding truths which great souls and great writers and great hearts have given to the world.

* * *

Ever since the book lectures began on the first Wednesday in November, without exception, every Wednesday evening has been one in which inclement weather has prevailed. Snow, slush, rain and Winter temperatures always manage to be in full regalia on every Wednesday night, yet the audiences have been most appreciative and have exceeded our expectations in numbers. There are many people who keep every Wednesday evening as Book Lecture night and do not permit any weather condition or gas rationing to interfere with their attendance.

After a recent Wednesday evening book lecture I spoke to four people, two of whom had come from Oak Park and two from the far South Side of the city. They were more than two hours and a half getting from their homes to the church. Such interest and loyalty is deeply appreciated. The book lecture audiences are unusually inspiring to me and the hour passes altogether too quickly. Elsewhere in this number we have published the list for February. I have tried, as always, to keep it a balanced list, and I hope it will merit your attendance. The book lectures are always free and the people of every creed and race are always welcome.

* * *

There are only a few copies left of my book "Life and You," published by Harpers. If you are interested in owning a copy, I suggest that you secure one immediately as the available copies are very limited.

* * *

In preparation for the March series I invite you to read a book called

"Make This the Last War," written by a young man, Michael Straight, with the theme of the future of the United Nations. This book was published on the fourth of January and is creating national interest. Pearl Buck said the other day, "I have not read a book coming out of this war which has moved me so much as this one."

Michael Straight is an editor and Washington correspondent of "The New Republic," and is now waiting induction as an aviation cadet in the United States Air Corps. His education, training, experience and background entitles him to authoritative expression, and he is on the staff of the Adviser on International Economics of the Department of State. I am going to use the book for review in March, but it is the kind of book that ought to be read first by those who would be interested in hearing a review. In fact, it is better to read all books which are on our book lecture list before hearing the lecture.

Michael Straight in "Make This the Last War," presents his treatment in seven parts: First, "The Need For a New Vision"; Two, "The Conditions of World Progress"; Three, "The Future Is Within Us"; Four "The Time Is Now"; Five, "The United Nations in the Transition Period"; Six, "The Future of the United Nations"; and Seven, "This Is Your Fight."

It might be well for you to read Chapter 17, the last chapter, on "This Is Your Fight," first. In fact, it seems to me that that chapter might have been really an introduction to the book. It is about the most realistic expression I have read on the whole situation, and if you read the last chapter, which is not long, I am positive you will read the whole book.

It is dangerous for anyone to make predictions, and to prophecy is almost folly, but I predict that you will hear more of this book in the next few months than any book that has thus far been written dealing with the hopes and ideals for a post-war world. It is inconceivable that when the opportunity arrives for creating the technique of the post-war world that this book and its thesis can be neglected. I hope you will read it; and then attend the evening on which I shall review it.

* * *

By the time you get this issue of the Liberalist, our Unitarian Lenten Manual for 1943 will be available. The manual this year is called "Faith Forbids Fear," and there is a devotional reading for every day of Lent, beginning with Ash Wednesday and closing Easter Sunday. They will be available at church and I hope every member, friend and radio listener will secure a copy and make it a daily reading habit. They are only a few cents a copy and we hope there will be copies enough for all.

P. B.

Opportunity

By Elbert Hubbard

THE actual fact is that in this day Opportunity not only knocks at your door but is playing an anvil chorus on every man's door, and then lays for the owner around the corner with a club. The world is in sore need of men who can do things. Indeed, cases can easily be recalled by every one where Opportunity actually smashed in the door and collared her candidate and dragged him forth to success. These cases are exceptional, usually you have to meet Opportunity halfway. But the only place where you can get away from Opportunity is to lie down and die. Opportunity does not trouble dead men, or dead ones who flatter themselves that they are alive.

The Liberalist

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EDITORIAL

THIS is a tribute to one of the greatest men this nation has ever known. He now sleeps in the same God's acre which surrounds the great institute of which he was a part, by the side of another great leader, Booker T. Washington. Dr. George Washington Carver is dead but his work is eternal. Every scientist recognizes his greatness and every educator his importance. The son of a negro slave, he was carried, with his mother, away from the Carver plantation near Diamond Grove, Missouri, by southern raiders, but to be overtaken later by a rescue party organized by Moses Carver, who was able to bring the baby back by trading a broken down horse valued at $300.00. That baby grew to become one of the greatest benefactors of the human race.

As he grew older on the Missouri farm, he showed unusual capacity in many directions and a remarkable observation in dealing with plants. He even established a little botanical garden where he gathered all sorts of curious plants and studied them until he was given the nickname of the plant doctor. Like so many of his race he also showed an unusual talent for music and while still a child, became famous as a singer.

He spent some years wandering about, but at every opportunity he worked in the greenhouses. One time he ran a laundry; at another he worked as a cook in a hotel. His natural taste and talent for music and painting and, in fact, almost every form of art, finally attracted the attention of friends through whom he secured a position as church organist. During all this time young Carver was learning wherever he was able. He learned from books whenever he could get them; he learned from experience always and made friends wherever he went. But the Carvers were not able to furnish him money for an education, and one day he came across an old blue speller which opened up an entirely new world for him. He learned every word and it was his only source of education until he was ten, and from then on he read everything he could find.

At ten he sought permission to attend a nearby plain log school, and

supported himself by doing chores and jobs and slept wherever he could find a place. In one year he mastered all the country school could teach him and then he went to Ft. Scott, Kansas, where for seven years he worked as a cook, dishwasher, laundryman and housekeeper, before he received his high school diploma. Then came the momentous chapter in his life when, knowing that all Southern colleges at that time were closed against his race he wrote a northern university and to his joy was granted a scholarship. He spent all his savings on railroad fare and arrived at the university only to be told that he could not enter because he had forgotten to tell them of his race. Then he met a young Simpson student who was taking summer school at the university and said to apply at Simpson, and he did, and as Glenn Clark tells us in his beautiful tribute which he calls "The Man Who Talks With The Flowers," the college welcomed him. He bought five cents worth of oatmeal and five cents worth of suet and this kept him alive for a week and he slept in a woodshed. He bought a washtub and washboard and offered to wash the shirts of the college boys. When cold weather set in, George Carver got an old stove which kept his quarters comfortable and here he lived for three years.

From Simpson College he went to Iowa State College at Ames, where he obtained his Bachelor's Degree in science, and in 1896 he received his Master's Degree and because of his great scholarship he was given a place on the faculty at Ames—a very unusual honor for a negro at that time. And he was given charge of the bacteriological laboratory, a green house and the department of systematic botany.

Then one day there came into his life Booker T. Washington, who asked him to come to Tuskegee. It was a pioneer institution with little to offer in the way of salary or equipment, and George Washington Carver would not reply until he had gone out into the woods alone and talked it over with God. He returned with his answer. And here for years at the institute he has added honor unto honor, achievement unto achievement, scientific advance unto scientific advance until at his death recently, the whole nation paid tribute to his greatness.

The first laboratory that Dr. Carver had was composed of an old bench with nothing on it but apparatus that he had found it necessary to make. He made hub-caps into crucibles, he cut the tops off bottles to make his beakers and other apparatus was made from things he found in the junk heap. And having created a laboratory in which to teach his students his next step was to create a laboratory to teach the entire south and the nation. Because of insects and closing markets, the one big crop of the South—cotton—was jeopardized and the farmers were in bad shape, and a family of five persons was trying to live on $310 a year. It was to prevent these things that Dr. Carver's life has been lived. He saw for the south an opportunity in diversified farming and so he went to work to create new uses for the things that they could raise best—the peanut and the sweet potato and pecans and cotton and cornstalks and fibrous grasses and above all with weeds, until his achievements almost border the miraculous and are resulting in an ever ascending standard of living for the poverty stricken people who tried to wrest a living from almost exhausted soil.

He was made a Fellow of the Royal Society of Great Britain in 1916, and six years later was awarded the Spingarn medal for the most distin-

guished service rendered by an American negro during the year. In 1939 he was awarded the Theodore Roosevelt medal for excelling in work related to the life of Theodore Roosevelt, and as a tribute to Dr. Carver's contribution to his people in the South, Henry Ford is building and endowing a school for negro youth in the vicinity of Ways, Georgia, named the George Washington Carver school for colored boys. Dr. Carver was as great a genius in his field as Edison and Burbank and Steinmetz were in theirs, and is certainly the greatest genius that the negro race has yet produced.

That spiritually minded man, Glenn Clark, of McAllister College tells of a lecture which Dr. Carver gave in the Twin Cities on clays. He began by telling how one day he took a walk out in the hills. He recalled the words "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help." Investigating closer he discovered beautiful permanent dyes and colors in the Alabama hills. From these he made clays which rivaled the color found in the tomb of the ancient King Tut. This fine old gentleman, who always wore a flower in his buttonhole and the love of God in his heart, is now at rest, but he has influenced and molded the whole future of this nation and, without exaggeration, he is the greatest genius the negro race has yet produced. I pay him tribute; his great brain and his understanding heart have ceased to function, but his soul goes marching on.

P. B.

UPTOWN PLAYERS CENTER of Allied Arts

THE Uptown Players are at long last to behold the realization of a dream which their Director has cherished since he founded the organization in 1924. During the eighteen years in which they have been presenting their plays before Chicago theatre lovers, under Mr. Bradley-Griffin's leadership, the Players have achieved an enviable position among the "Little Theatres" in the Middle West. They have won special recognition of their work from Kenneth McGowan in his book "Footlights Across America"; they received the Edith Rockefeller McCormick cup for outstanding work in "Little Theatre" and in 1940 they were presented the Chicago Foundation for Literature Award for their cultural contribution to Chicago.

For the first seven years they presented their plays in Channing Hall of the Peoples Church; from there they moved to the Chicago Woman's Club Theatre, where they remained for seven more years. For the past two years and the early part of this present season they have produced their plays at the Civic Theatre.

Now, for the first time, they will be creating, rehearsing, producing and presenting under the one roof.

This artistic and attractive playhouse is located at 1219 N. LaSalle Street—at Division and LaSalle. The building has seven studios which will be used for classes in all of the Allied Arts of the Theatre—acting, voice and diction, characterization, modern dance, voice training, stage design, make-up, art and art appreciation, French, Spanish, physical fitness and

first aid. In addition to these studios, there is a spacious "Little Theatre" seating 400 people, with a stage comparable in playing area to that of the Civic Theatre.

Mr. Bradley-Griffin's plans are to present one play a month, to be given every Friday and Saturday evening over a twelve-month period. Every Thursday evening there will be a special attraction which will be open to all subscribers, both patron and associate. The March production will be "The Heart of a City," by Linn Storm, opening Friday on March 5th. The Thursday evening attractions for March will be a Book Review by Preston Bradley, a recital by J. Bradley-Griffin, a concert by Lola Fletcher and a divertissement consisting of the modern dance, work shop and radio. There will also be a Sunday candlelight vesper service from 5:00 until 6:00 o'clock every Sunday, conducted by J. Bradley-Griffin.

There has long been a need in Chicago for a cultural center of the Allied Arts, and the many interested friends and supporters of the Uptown Players and the "Little Theatre" may be interested to know that they can help in the establishment of this cultural addition to our city. Much furniture will be needed—and many people have an odd piece stored away; the players now have sufficient space for costume storage and they would appreciate period dresses and suits—that you may have packed in an attic trunk.

A $10 Patron-Membership entitles the holder to a single admission to twelve plays, twelve of the Thursday evening attractions and will admit the holder to any of the classes at a special rate of 50c per class.

The Associate Membership is $1.00 per month, which covers a single admission to the play of the month, one of the Thursday attractions and admission to any class at the special rate of 50c per class.

The Uptown Players will retain their offices in the Fine Arts Building during the months of February and March, so for those desiring memberships or further information you may call Webster 2123 or write The Uptown Players, 410 South Michigan Avenue.

DR. BRADLEY'S WGN BROADCAST OF JAN. 12, 1943

GOOD evening:—If I were to tell you tonight, every listener, that you could save a human life, would you believe me, or would you think that I was giving you a figure of speech or dealing in exaggeration? Well, I am going to repeat it as impressively and effectively as my limitations permit. Listen! *You,* YOU—whoever you are, wherever you are, *you* can save a human life!

This is a tremendous and an astounding truth, when human lives are being lost on every continent and sea of the globe. If I ever coveted the power of speaking so that my words would mean action on the part of listeners, I covet that power tonight. Of all the scientific advance which man has made there is nothing more startling, more dramatic, more useful than what has been accomplished by the taking of human blood and resolving it down to plasma in the form of a powder, shipping it under all kinds of conditions to where it is needed most,

preserving it almost indefinitely and then finally saving a human life with it.

Man knows more about every conceivable thing than he has ever known. He has weighed the sun, annihilated space, charted the sky, and made a blueprint of the bottom of the sea. He can whisper and be heard around the world. He has leveled mountains, bridged the seas and has made a physical conquest of the globe. He knows more about himself than he has ever known in all the past. He knows more about his brain, his heart, his lungs, his blood, his body. He knows more about disease and how to prevent as well as how to cure his physical ailments. A little child born in Chicago tonight has a longer life expectancy than a child born anywhere at any time in human history.

In spite of all this achievement, man is now making the most supreme effort of human history that he might develop a way of living together in dignity, understanding and peace.

In no field has there been greater advance than in the field of treating wounded, stricken men—the victims of war's relentless fury. The record of sulpha drugs, the advance in the treatment of all types of wounds, the operative advance, all these have cut down the casualty lists in almost a miraculous way; and every one of us, no matter what our political loyalties may happen to be, no matter about the mistakes which have been made, no matter what the critics may say, there is an opportunity which every one of us has, to save human lives in this war.

For years Dr. Max Strumia, an Italian, who served with the Italian army in the last war, and then came over to this country, took out his citizenship papers and became an American, has been at work on the question of blood plasma. And today, regardless of climatic conditions the blood plasma is just as potent five years later as the day it becomes powder.

It is so easy for you to do this! It requires but a fraction of your time, and it is so important and so necessary. Captain Reynolds Hayden, who was in charge of the Pearl Harbor Naval Hospital during the Japanese attack, has just called for five million persons to give blood to the armed forces through the Red Cross, saying that the blood plasma worked miracles at Pearl Harbor. Captain Hayden, now Third Naval District Medical Officer, said that the Army and Navy needed 2,500,000 units of blood plasma as soon as it can be collected, and he explained that one pint of blood, the standard donation, yields half a pint of plasma. At Pearl Harbor, Captain Hayden declared, plasma gave life to men near death, and in the southwest Pacific the use of plasma and sulpha drugs has reduced the mortality of all wounded from the 7% in the great war, to less than 1% in the present war. In the case of abdominal wounds, mortality has been cut from 70% to about 5%. Think of it!

And *you* can save a life! Captain Hayden described the response in Honolulu to a radio appeal for blood donors after the Pearl Harbor attack. For two weeks, he said, donors were bled at the rate of 50 an hour, 10 hours a day, seven days a week. Society women and war workers, plantation laborers and servicemen off duty, waited in line for hours; and Captain Hayden said the Navy now gives plasma to wounded marines at casualty clearing stations within 500 yards of the firing line. I wish every listener—every listener tonight, would tomorrow go to the Red Cross and offer your blood. We were 15% over in Illinois in our Defense Bond quota this past

month. We are making records one after another in our wartime activity. We are responding to every need and most people are willingly making every sacrifice. Now is the opportunity to crown all of our work and all of our labor with our own blood.

Whoever you are, wherever you are listening tonight, there is one thing you can do. You can give your blood—that precious plasma may be used to save another's life! Human life is precious, and not only will you save another's life, but many have found, in the preliminary examination of their own blood, evidence which has resulted in saving their own lives as well. Our blood is needed! Some are giving blood every eight weeks. One feels a kinship with our brave fighting men when we give our blood in such comfort and safety and painlessness, while they give theirs in the agony of war. Our broadcast tonight might save hundreds of lives.

Will you make up your mind right now, before we close, that tomorrow you will contact the Red Cross, give a half hour of your time and a pint of your blood. Can your conscience stand the thought that you had a chance to save a life and refused? Let *us* give *our* blood, too!

Dr. Bradley's Engagements for the Month

From December 15th, 1942, to January 15th, 1943

15—Radio Address. WGN
Address. I. W. L. A. Annual Dinner. Gladstone Hotel
16—Radio Address. WGN
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
Attendance Board Meeting. Peoples Church
17—Address. 25th Anniversary Food Products Club. Hotel Sherman
Radio Address. WGN
Address. Friends of Literature
18—Radio conference
Radio Address. WGN
Radio Address. WLS. "Home Front" Program
20—Morning Service. Peoples Church
Candle Light Service and Christmas Play. Peoples Church
21—Radio Address. WGN
Candle Light Service and Christmas Play. Peoples Church
22—Radio Address. WGN
23—Radio Address. WGN
Candle Light Service and Christmas Play. Peoples Church
24—Radio Address. WGN
25—Christmas Day Service. Peoples Church
Radio Address. WGN (3:30 p.m.)
Radio Address. WGN (6:00 p.m.)
26—Radio Address. WLS. "Home Front" Program
27—Two Services. Peoples Church
28—Radio Address. WGN
29—Radio Address. WGN
30—Address. Borrowed Time Club, 1st Presbyterian Church, Oak Park, Ill.
Address. Memorial Iroquois Fire, City Hall
Radio Address. WGN
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
31—Radio Address. WGN
Annual Watch Night Service. Peoples Church

JANUARY

2—Radio Address. WLS. "Home Front" Program
3—Two Services. Peoples Church

4—Address. Morgan Park Woman's Club. Morgan Park Baptist Church
Made transcription of broadcast
Radio Address (By transcription) WGN
Address. Commencement War Training Groups. Elgin Extension, Univ. of Ill.
5—Radio Address. WGN
6—Radio Address. WGN
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
7—Radio Address. WGN
8—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Northtown Branch Chicago Public Library. Cine Hall
9—Radio Address. WLS. "Home Front" Program
10—Two Services. Peoples Church
11—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Ushers' Club. Peoples Church
12—Radio Address. WGN
13—Made transcription of broadcast
Radio Address. WGN
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
Radio Address. Dr. Carver Memorial Program
14—Radio Address (by transcription) WGN
Address. Doric Masonic Lodge. Grand Rapids, Mich.

Christenings

DECEMBER

25—Dennis Frank Derda, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Derda
27—Susan Jane Johnson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Johnson

JANUARY

Curtis Lee Motzer, son of Mr. and Mrs. Chester Motzer
Jean Elvira Shoberg, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Bryant Shoberg

Weddings

DECEMBER

18—John A. Benkowski and Sophia Subject
19—Stanley Livingston and Frances Willem
21—Homer S. VanDenburgh and Mrs. Shirley Spamer
24—Burton Cook and Ellen Bowen
Gerald Keating and Muriel Peterson
26—I. Goodman and Esther O. Wesner
27—Edwin A. Leske and Helen Stecki

1943
JANUARY

7—Don Scott and Fern Gray
9—Terry Kunn and Judy Baker
Verne J. Seibert and June Maichen

Funerals

DECEMBER

15—Mrs. Lillian Campbell
18—Ernest Heg
19—Emil Rohde
21—Ray Raymond
22—Luz Jacus
23—Kathryn Lattig Quinn
Bernard C. Eccles
26—Conrad J. Neumann
28—Herman Dittmer
29—Mary Peterson
Mrs. Nellie Shurr

1943
JANUARY

6—Mrs. Dorothea Huck
9—Harry Hosford
11—Modie J. Spiegel
12—Mrs. Ethel Corning
15—Anne Van Spyker
Mrs. L. Glanville

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Dr. Gerhard Schacher, Economist

NOV. 17th—"FREEDOM IN THE MODERN WORLD"—A DEBATE
Mortimer Adler and Bertrand Russell
Outstanding Philosophic Writers

DEC. 8th—"I SAW IT MYSELF"—Ace Far-Eastern Correspondent Cecil Brown

JAN. 5th—"'CAUSE THE BIBLE TELLS ME SO"—Boake Carter
Journalist, radio commentator, author

JAN. 19th—"AT THE RINGSIDE OF HISTORY"—H. R. Knickerbocker
Dean of War Correspondents

FEB. 16th—"THE MILITARY PANORAMA"—Major George Fielding Eliot

MAR. 2nd—"THE THEATRE OF ANGNA ENTERS"
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If you desire to send this magazine to a friend and will send $1.50 to Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison, Subscription Manager, Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, we will send a Card announcing your gift. The magazine is now nearing its Twentieth Anniversary, and goes all over the United States and to many foreign lands. Why not send your $1.50 today? It will come regularly every month. No one connected with the publication receives any compensation and all funds above the cost of production go directly to the Treasury of the Peoples Church to help our financial problem. Please subscribe.

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At the afternoon service on Easter Sunday, the Honor Roll of The Peoples Church was unveiled. This roll contains the names of those members and workers in The Peoples Church, both men and women, who are "In the Service" of our country. Names will be added from time to time, as it becomes necessary.

Arthur J. Williams
Harold E. Hansen
John L. Freitag
George Freitag
Howard Wentz
Kurt Proud
Kurt Meyer
George Formanek, Jr.
Lloyd Blue, Jr.
Howard Carlseen
Clinton R. Sipe
Dr. Henry C. Johannes
Edward W. Nonnenbruch
Wm. Robert DeWees
Harold Ingersoll
Henry J. Tinling
Yale W. Rowley
Wendel Estal
Winslow Heg
Herbert Bluhm
Ben C. Bluhm
Douglas L. Palo
James H. Meyer
Robert H. Meyer
Lester G. Riley
William F. Hobbs
Duane Terry
Frank G. Christ

Richard P. Strand
Norman P. Anderson
Arthur E. Toepfer
Robert Murphy
Robert Olson
Frans Eronson
Forrest A. Oldenburg
James Code
Henry Willeumier
Robert John Wendland
William V. Myers
**Alfred Taylor
Robert E. Gill
George John Smith
Hans Kramer
Howard C. Nelson
Howard Berhalter
Charles Boaz
William Schroeder
Charles Walska
James Schneller
Jacob Estes Replogle
Harry S. Gray
William Berglund
George E. Kruskopf
William J. Wenger
Walter Moran
Jay Merrick

Charles Fuss
*Charles C. Crane
Robert Plumley
Robert Baumann
E. Kokoefer
Donald J. Norris
Robert L. Hangel
Elwood E. Kiltz
Lt. Carroll D. York
Mary Louise Sweet
Leslie J. Walker
Robert Hannum
J. C. LaPointe
Arthur J. Kredler, Jr.
Robert K. Schnorr
Rudolph E. Salamon
LeRoy Adams
Franklyn Adams
Robert J. Hansen
Clyde F. Bower
Edward P. Brosious
Donald W. Brosious
Tom Henderson
J. Bryant Shoberg
Daniel Arthur Needham
Arthur Quesnall
David Ettelson
George Felch
Virgil Drew Widener

*Killed in action.
**Reported missing at sea.

Church Activities

✦ ✦ ✦

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE....Broadcast by WJJD....11:00 o'clock
Weekly Broadcasts by Dr. Bradley:—Nightly, WGN, 6:00 o'clock
Saturday evening, "Home Front" Program—WLS 9:30 o'clock

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE.....7:30 o'clock

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.....
Channing Hall, Sunday morning, 9:30 o'clock

JUNIOR CHURCH.....Hall C, Sunday morning—11:00 o'clock

WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES.....
Every Wednesday evening, 8:00 o'clock sharp, Church Auditorium

CHOIR REHEARSALS....Thursday evenings, 8:00 o'clock Church Auditorium

RED CROSS UNIT....Every Tuesday and Thursday in Channing Hall—9:30 to 4:00 o'clock

WOMAN'S CLUB....Monday, Feb. 8th, 1:00 p.m.—Birthday and New Members' Party. Monday, Feb. 22nd, 1:00 p.m.—Literature Day, Mrs. Roy H. Monson, Chairman. Lenore Brown—Portraits Americana.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB
Monday, Feb. 8th, 8:00 p.m.—Dr. Preston Bradley—Book Review. Feb. 22nd, 8:00 p.m.—George Washington Birthday and Card Party, Betty Porter, Chairman.

MEN'S CLUB....Meets every fourth Monday, Channing Hall, 8:00 o'clock

USHERS' CLUB.....Meets every second Thursday.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CLUB.....Meets every first and third Tuesday

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